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THEY ARE GREAT  
WHO AFFECT THEIR  
GENERATION.



With Xmas greetings  
to Arthur & ~~Eliza~~ - John  
Brock & Jean Sutherland

## A SERMON

*Preached in S. Mark's Church, Hamilton,  
Diocese of Niagara.*

**ON THURSDAY, NOV. 28TH, 1901, BEING THE  
DOMINION THANKSGIVING DAY.**

BY

**REV. CANON SUTHERLAND, M.A.**

RECTOR OF S. MARK'S  
AND EXAMINING CHAPLAIN TO THE  
LORD BISHOP OF NIAGARA.

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**"On that night could not the king sleep."**

**Esther vi. 1.**

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It was the Archangel Michael, the Jews say, who kept him awake. To please Haman he had just signed a decree for the slaughter of all Jews within the 120 provinces of his vast empire. Now Michael the Archangel, according to the prophet Daniel, is the guardian angel of the people of Israel. This, doubtless accounts for the Jewish tradition that the king's sleeplessness that night was due to the interference of S. Michael.

But whether it were the archangel or a buzzing fly, the king could not sleep. Therefore, like many another since, he sought relief in literature. He ordered his servants to read him to sleep. One of them confidently selected a volume of state papers, and began. Instead of falling asleep, however, the king was roused by what was read to wide-eyed interest. For they were reading of the discovery of a plot against the king's life ; and of the punishment of the conspirators.

*"What reward,"* he asked, *"has been given to the man who discovered the plot?"* There had been no reward. The king resolved to amend that. The outcome of it all was, as you may read in the book of Esther, the impaling of Haman, and the deliverance of the Jews from destruction. And ever since, in March each year, the children of Israel rejoice the world over as this story is read in their synagogues.

The king's sleeplessness, then, led to his being reminded of a benefit received.

Our national Thanksgiving Day is surely for this—to give our world an hour or two of rest from the wear and tear of business, quietly and wide-awake to think over the benefits we have enjoyed during the past year, and thank God for them. Some of these benefits are ours still; let us count them over and be glad. The church gathers them up for us in a sentence of marvellous concentration: "creation, preservation, all the blessings of this life; above all, the redemption of the world by our Lord, Jesus Christ; the means of grace, and the hope of glory." All the blessings are ours. Let each for himself set down the items in his account.

There are also blessings which we no longer enjoy. For these, too, let us thank God that they were ours once.



Last year on this day we were living under the benign rule of our most gracious sovereign lady, Queen Victoria. Now the familiar swaying rhythm has given place to the sterner phrase : our most gracious sovereign lord, King Edward.

On the afternoon of January 22nd Victoria laid her sceptre down. You know how often the "*sortes liturgicae*" startle us ; how often the Psalms and Lessons appointed years ago seem as if they had been just selected to mark the event of today.

Like the royal Psalmist, David, and better loved than he, she had ruled her people "*prudently with all her power.*" Is it any wonder that after more than sixty years of Empire, saddened by forty years of mourning her Prince—after so many years of work and waiting—

is it any wonder that the first verses of the first Psalm for that evening seem the glad response of her parting spirit to the call of God ? “*O God, my heart is ready, my heart is ready ! I will sing and give praise with the best member that I have. For thy mercy is greater than the heavens : and thy truth reacheth unto the clouds*” And it goes on : “*That thy beloved may be delivered*” even as we said at the funeral : “*We give Thee humble thanks for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this our sister out of the miseries of this sinful world.*”

Trusting in God’s mercy, glad to be at rest, rejoicing at the first glimpse of those loved long since and lost awhile, the imperial spirit pauses on the very threshold of Paradise to think upon her soldiers battling on the stony veldts of Africa. She asks, not in unfaith but in appeal, “*hast not Thou forsaken us, O God ; and wilt not Thou, O God, go forth with our hosts ? O help us against the enemy ; for vain is the help of man. Through God we shall do great acts ; and it is He that shall tread down our enemies*”

But there are two psalms for the 22nd evening—the evening she died, what about the second ? Read it with the thought in your mind of the queen as—not the mere ornament and crown of England and the empire,—but its sensitive heart, quivering with pain at the horrible travesties of truth published and reviled in over all Europe. Read the second psalm with that thought, and how it thrills. “*Hold not Thy tongue, O God of my praise : for the mouth of the ungodly, yea, the mouth of the deceitful is opened upon me. And they have spoken against me with false tongues ; they*

*compassed me round about also with words of hatred, and fought against me without a cause. For the love that I had unto them*”—yes, dwelling among them in France, Italy, Germany ; steadily furthering peace, doing them nothing but good, showing them nothing but kindness ; offering a refuge to their fleeing outcast princes and beggars—“*for the love that I had unto them, lo, they take now my contrary part ; but I give myself unto prayer. Thus have they rewarded me evil for good, and hatred for my good will.*”

But here is verse 5, what do you make of that ? It is the troubled queen spreading before God the slanderous accusations vomited forth from the press of Paris, Berlin, Vienna and the Hague. “*This is what they wish my God to do me.*” Then follow the imprecations of the nations who but for Nelson and Wellington and the England of a century ago, would have been slaves of tyrants still.

Then in the 20th verse, the queen prays : Whatever they say of England and of me—“*deal thou with me, O Lord God, according unto Thy Name ; for sweet is Thy mercy. O deliver me, for I am helpless and poor, and my heart is wounded within me. I go hence, like the shadow that departeth. Help me, O Lord my God, O save me according to thy mercy. And they even mine enemies shall know how that this is Thy hand, and that Thou, Lord, hast done it. Though they curse, yet bless Thou*” !

Again, if you look in the calendar, she died on S. Vincent’s Day. What is Vincent, but Victoria, for Vincent means Victorious. And Vincent was a Dea-

con. Look at her coronation dress and you will see she wears the dalmatic, the distinctive over-robe of the deacon.

Or look at the first lesson for that afternoon, Gen. 32. It tells of a meeting of those who had long been separated. It tells us of Jacob winning the title of a "*prince who has power with God and with men.*" And how does it begin? "*And Jacob,*" this Prince, "*went on his way, and the angels of God met him.*" Doubtless that was true of the most high and mighty princess Victoria. She too went on her way, to where beyond these voices there in peace; "*and the angels of God met her.*"

Therefore, I say, let us thank God today for having given us the Queen.





In the vestry hangs a picture of the late revered and beloved Dean Geddes,

I wish I could see beside it a picture of John Martland. In Dean Geddes we had the typical Anglican clergyman ; In John Martland we had the typical Anglican layman. Survey mankind from China to Peru, travel where you might, if you met either of them in a desert caravan, or on a shipwrecked raft, you would know them for Churchmen. For both we of S. Mark's owe thanks to Almighty God.

Let me say something to you today about the layman.

Canada owes him much. For all but thirty years he was housemaster at U. C. C. Is there any position which demands so much from a man as that ? In the housemaster almost every look, certainly every word, tells somewhere. Yet to forget this, though he knows it ; to be natural ; to refuse to think of effect ;

is the very and only condition of usefulness. The housemaster should know each boy, and know him well. Yet he should not let it be known that he knows. Many a boy's character is made ; hopefulness and strength are begun, by the belief that the master does not know the worst of him. This faith gives the lad a clear course.

Boyhood is the battle field of life. What the boy is between twelve and eighteen, he will be till he is eighty in the essential things. Yet the boy is more open than the man to the winds of heaven. He feels his own inexperience. He will gladly take a guiding hand. His faith is whole in him. He takes kindly to hero-worship.

How fortunate the boys who have daily before them a tower of strength, a living conscience, a man—yet not a monster, not an individual apt to break out into edifying remarks and preach one down. It is only in later life that we enjoy that.

John Martland had singular advantages : in person and bearing he was noble and inspiring ; never histrionic. The outward man was simply a revelation of the inward. He was cordial and pleasant in approach ; masterful, patient, full of resource, thorough, systematic, punctual, genial, sympathetic, appreciative ; with a dominant sense of right that braced and calmed ; with no taste of sickliness in his sympathy, and with no lack of salt in his love. When boys did as he advised them, it was not from awe of him or from fear of blame, but from a conviction that he was right, and from a desire to be like him.

A thorough classic, he was diligent in teaching his boys to see the qualities that make writings more than two thousand years old modern still. He conceived it his duty to bring before them the weightier matters also of honor, truthfulness, industry, obedience and mutual kindness. There were times, too, when he allowed the deeply religious view of the world and of life, that was habitual to him, flash out as a help to himself and to them. Hundreds of men thank God today because from him they learnt the beauty and courage of life. To them the grave of "GENTLE" as they called him, is the grave of their father.

To live with boys and talk with them morning, noon and night of scholarship and its application to the world of workers was his happy task. But he had to deal with men also : the men he worked with and the men he worked under. All were sooner or later impressed by his integrity and his capacity.

It was in the mellow evening of his long life that we knew him here. We knew him as a devout churchman in whom reason and faith were happily married with no question of possible divorce. It may seem a small thing, but it was characteristic : he was never late for church, Sunday or week-day. His reverend attitude in our services was an inspiration to us. He was with us, I remember, at the preparation service for Easter Holy Communion, and at the early service on Easter Day. He left Canada to cheer and comfort his sister ; he told us he would return in November. On August 4th "*God's finger touched him, and he slept.*" Let us thank God for the inspiring memory of his noble life.



It is my duty today to press upon you the claims of the Aged and Disabled Clergy Fund of the Diocese, and to urge you to contribute to it liberally. Owing partly to judicious alterations in the synod canon, but chiefly to the good will with which the synod agent has been everywhere met, it is possible that in the near future this fund will be so augmented that annual collections will become unnecessary. But that time is not yet.

The aged and infirm clergy of the Diocese appeal to us for help today.

It is good for them and good for the Church that such a fund as this exists. It is good for the aged priest who sees in it another proof of the loving care of Almighty God. It is good for the Church that can with a good conscience avail itself of the services of younger men, now that some provision has been made for the last, helpless years of the aged and disabled clergy.

Those of us who are on the Standing Committee of the Diocese will not have forgotten that most touching scene when the wardens and delegates of Lowville came to us for advice and help. Plain, sun-browned yeomen, they spoke out bluntly all that was in their hearts. Their clergynian, the late Rev. John Seaman, was failing fast : he could scarcely see to find his way to the chancel for his ministration. His speech and powers were daily growing feebler, but not their affection for him ; not their reverence for his character. They spoke of him to us as of a dear father in God. For his sake, as well as for their own, they entreated us to provide him with assistance to enable him to rest. What they asked was done. And the last two years of his life were spent among us in peace.

Forty years ago the Rev. J. Seaman began his work. He was made deacon and ordained priest by the Rt. Rev. Francis Fulford, first Metropolitan of Canada. He was sent to the Gatineau district to travel on horseback over its miles and miles of rock and swamp and forest, ministering to scattered children of the Church, in shanties and log school houses and Orange halls.

When his lordship of Montreal first came up to confirm, there was no church for him to officiate in ; the service had to be held in a grove.

After fourteen years of devoted labor, the Rev. John Seaman could point to two substantial churches, a mission school house and a parsonage, as some of the outward signs of his ministry.

'The Rt. Rev. Dr. Fuller, our first bishop, heard of his success in that unpromising district, and in 1878 invited him to take charge of the parish of Nanticoke and Cheapside, then newly set apart from the parish of Jarvis.

Eight years later the rude structure of wood at Nanticoke was replaced by a handsome brick church. It's corner stone was laid in May, 1886 ; in a few months it was completed and paid for ; and on the last day of the year, it was consecrated by our late bishop, now bishop of Ottawa.

For twelve fruitful years the Rev. John Seaman ministered in Nanticoke. He was then sent to the parish of Lowville, Nassagaweya and Nelson. There he had to travel twenty six miles every Sunday, in order to hold service in each village, or station. Those who know what the roads there are like in the spring and fall will understand what that means.

The old Lowville church was of wood, patched and decrepid. Mr. Seaman was able to replace it by a thoroughly churchly building of stone, one of the finest country churches in the Diocese. Not a farthing of debt on it exists, and it is consecrated.

In October, 1898, after thirty-seven years of apostolic journeyings and labors, he resigned the active exercise of his ministry. A few months later, he removed to this city, and became a member of this congregation until his death in June last.

One who knew him well writes to me : "On looking back, he could see nine flourishing parishes with churches and parsonages where when he first took up the work there was nothing. Whatever was for the welfare of the Church of God was his one aim all through life."

Often in my hearing has the bishop of Ottawa expressed his admiration for the zeal, and undaunted perseverance of our late brother. To me it was a delight to listen to the stories he had to tell of his early adventures in the rough country, and primitive civilization of the Gatineau.

He had well earned the brief rest that was given him ; and it must be a satisfaction to you and to all contributors to the Aged and Disabled Clergy Fund, that he was enabled by a grant from it to take a little rest, and to recover something of his former health and strength.

And so, cherished by the love of wife and children ; cheered by the respect of his bishop and of his brother clergy ; grateful for the Church's bounty ; and strengthened by the grace of the great and merciful Head of the Church which he had served with all his heart, the Rev. John Seaman "*fulfilled his course.*" On Saturday, June 22nd it pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother. On June 24th, at Lowville in the midst of a sorrowing country-side, I committed his body to the ground, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

*"Herests from his labors, and his works do follow him."*



